With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shocke of armes,
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy brother tender George
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewel, the leasure and the fearefull time,
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundried friends should dwel vpon,
God giue vs leisure for these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.
Rich. Good lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap,
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow,
When I should mount with wings of victorie,
Once more good night kind Lords and gentlemen, *Exeunt.*
O thou whose Captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my forces with a gracious eie:
Put in their hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with a heauie fall,
The vsurping helmets of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in the victorie,
To thee I do commend my watchfull soule,
Eare I let fal the windowes of mine eies,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still!
Enter the ghost of young Prince Edward, sonne
Harry the sixt, to Ri.
Ghost to Ri. Let me sit heauie on thy soule to morrow.
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth,
At Tewkesburie, dispaire therefore and die.
To Rich. Be cheerful Richmond for the wronged soules
Of Butchered princes fight in thy behalfe,
King Henries issue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the ghost of Henry the sixt.
Ghost to Ri. When I was mortall my annointed body,
By thee was punched full of deadlie holes,
Thinke on the tower and me dispaire and die,

Harrie

Harrie the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Vertuous and holie be thou conqueror,
Harrie that prophesied thou shouldest be king,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and florish.
Enter the Ghoast of Clarence.
Ghoast. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fulsome wine,
Poore Clarence by thy guile betraid to death:
To morrow in the battaile thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,
The wronged heires of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good angels guard thy battaile, liue and florish.
Enter the ghoasts of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.
King. Let me sit heauie in thy soule to morrow,
Riuers that died at Pomfret dispaire and die.
Gray. Thinke vpon Gray, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon Vaughan, and with guiltie feare,
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die.
All to *Ri.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in Ri. bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.
Enter the ghoasts of the two young Princes.
Ghost to Ri. Dreame on thy Cosens smothered in the tower,
Let vs be laid within thy bosome Richard,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, shame, and death,
Thy Nephewes soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe Richmond sleepe, in peace and wake in ioy,
Good angels guard thee from the bores annoy,
Liue and beget a happie race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappie sonnes do bid thee florish.
Enter the ghoast of Hastings.
Ghoast. Bloudie and guiltie, guiltilie awake,
And in a bloudie battaile end thy dayes,
Thinke on lord Hastings, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire Englands sake.
Enter the Ghoast of Ladie Anne his wife.
Richard thy wife, that wretched Anne thy wife.

11 Lancester 20 Richards boom 21 Well
24 be lead